NOVEMBER 1977

youth MAGAZINE

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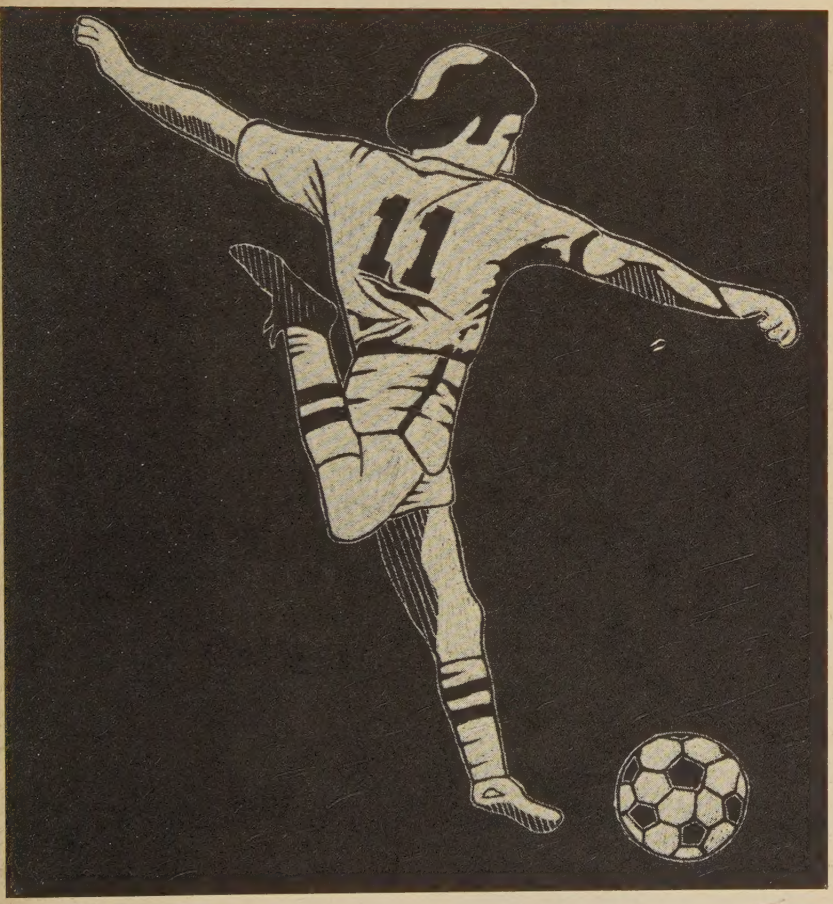

HERE'S YOUR BEST!
PHOTOS, POEMS, DRAWINGS . . .

youth magazine

NOVEMBER 1977, VOL. 28, NO. 11

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DESIGNERS: Bob and Sandy Bauer

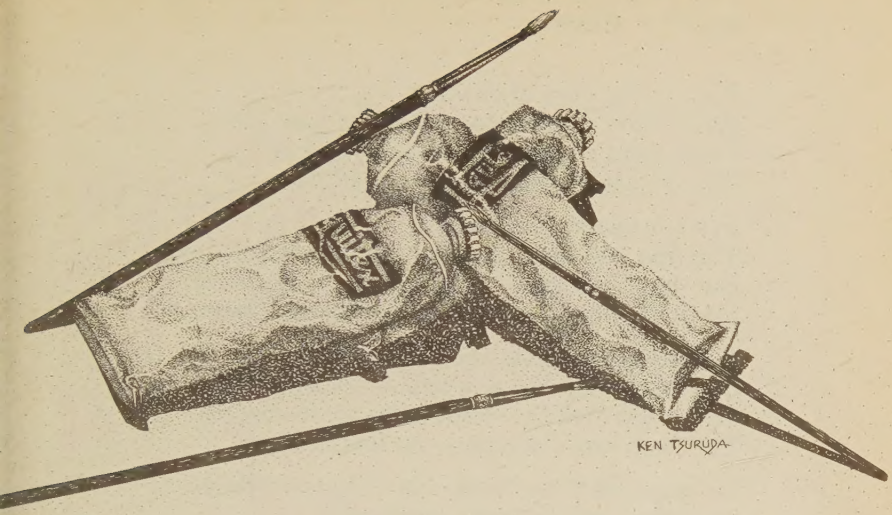
It's all yours!

It's all yours—your poetry, essays, photographs and artwork! It's by you and for you in this issue, the one in which we publish each year the winning entries in our Creative Arts Awards.

The entries printed here show just a tiny percentage of the many (4,500 to be exact) entries we received this year that show you are out there—thinking, feeling and creating. The task of choosing the winners was, as always, a difficult one, but we tried to confront it with the same sense of intelligence, warmth and humor conveyed by the artists and writers who submitted their work to the contest. We chose those entries which displayed to us the finest blend of emotion, thought, and artistic ability. We put the 1977 Creative Arts Awards contest behind us now with the hope that our choice of winners reflects our criteria and the entrants' (that means you!) fine abilities.

Not much else needs to be said, except to encourage your interest in what is included in the issue and in future Creative Arts Awards. We say thanks—for being our readers, and for being yourselves. —THE EDITORS

FRONT COVER:
SOCCER PLAYER
SCRATCH BOARD
SCOTT MACK



MATERIALS ON MY DESK
PEN AND INK
KEN TSURUDA

A LESSON IN CONFUSION
CHRISTIE MILLER

Mouses are mice,
Louses are lice.
So shouldn't the plural
Of houses be hice?

Gooses are geese,
But are mooses meese?
There ought to be some kind
Of reason for these.

Any less than two knives
Must be a knife.
So less than two fives
Must be a fife.

I've heard that the plural
Of cloth should be clothes.
So the plural of moth
Would have to be mothes.

Since oxes are oxen,
Should foxes be foxen?
And all of those cartons,
Should they be boxen?

Plurals and singulars are hard to be taught.
The spelling of each must be carefully sought.
But spelling is hard for me though I've tried,
So I guess a thesaurus will have to be bought (buyed?)

THE PRINCE, THE HORSE, AND THE TWEETERS THRE
PATTY BILY

Back in the days of chivalry,
When 'You' was 'Thee' and 'Thee' was 'Ye',
There lived a frog whose name was Lee
Who foolishly snapped at a bumblebee.

In a few years, very happily,
The frog had been changed to a Prince (oh, gee).
But the Prince couldn't talk because, you see,
His tongue had been stung by that bumblebee.

Princes have horses and so did he,
But this Prince had a problem, unfortunately.
He couldn't tell the Horse what to do, not he
But there was a solution—he had the key.

He acquired three birds—his Tweeters Three
A parrot, a myna, and a chickadee.
One said 'Whoa', one said 'Go,' one said 'Twee, twee, twee'
They perched on his Horse and chirped with glee.

He would pull the tail of the one of the Three
That would say 'Whoa' or 'Go' or 'Twee, twee, twee'.
Not very hard, to a certain degree,
He would give a small tug, then set the tail free.

One day he was riding peacefully
While carefully listening to his radio wee
To a hit by Elton and Kiki Dee
So he unknowingly headed toward a large tree.

Then he saw what was coming and pressed with his knee
But the Horse wouldn't stop (Oh, ah me).
In his fear he forgot which of the Three
Said 'Whoa' so he pulled the chickadee.

But a horse can't be stopped by a small 'Twee'
And so the whole group smashed into the tree.
As they sank slowly, becoming debris,
The parrot said tearfully,"Whoa is me."

FOREST DWELLERS
PEN AND INK
SHANNON M. MINOR

STAIRWAY TO SELF
LORI McFARLAND

I
AM
ONE
GIRL
BEING
AFRAID.
SEEKING,
QUESTING,
PONDERING,
FRIGHTENED.
SEARCHING,
CONFUSED,
WORRIED,
SCARED.
AWARE.
WERE
YOU
AS
I?

JUDY
PENCIL
JULIA STEWART

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER
PHOTOGRAPH
DEBRA AUSTIN

MEDIUM RARE AT BONANZA ON A FRIDAY NIGHT
FREDA B. PYRON

Strings of flesh
Weep brown-red fluid;
Steam curls upward.

Mind revolts
Against need.
Oral cavity
Refuses to delight in
Flavors of warm flesh.

Juices trickle
Downward
Coaxing
Intestinal cavity
To accept the
Soggy gray mass.

GIGGLES
PHOTOGRAPH
NANCY CASTLE

ICE FORMATIONS
PHOTOGRAPH
CAROL ROBINSON

THE ACE
PATRICK O'KELLEY

The year was 1918. John Harrison was flying his Sopwith Camel over Flanders. A super ace, this was his 400th mission, with 96 consecutive kills to his record.

Heading north to his objective, the St. Mikiel Dirigible Factory, John watched the setting sun out of the corner of his eye. A slight shadow caught his attention, and he immediately thought of the verse, "Watch out for the Hun in the sun."

Instinctively he followed through with evasive action, flying the plane in small circles. There were at least 12 of them. Fokkers, Albatross'—circling wasn't going to help him at all.

Machine gun fire burst from one of the German planes and John watched helplessly as the fabric of his plane ripped apart. He quickly maneuvered to the right and caught an Albatross in his sights. Two quick bursts and the Albatross became a flaming mass. He watched the pilot trying to beat out the flames as the plane began a screaming descent.

He didn't stick around to see it hit the mud, but aimed his craft upward as two planes latched onto his tail. Spotting an opening in a cloud he dived inside, as the two quickly tried to turn in the same direction. The blinding flash told John his maneuver had been correct, as the two planes collided and disintegrated in the air.

The cloud seemed to insulate John from all the noise except the drone of his own engine. Suddenly it sputtered and died. He couldn't stay up long with this complication. He would literally be fodder for the other planes. Quickly he threw his plane into a spiral. The engine revived and the cloud melted away.

Puzzled, John saw no mud below, only large areas of white with a few hangars. On the field he saw English Spads, S.E.5a's, French Nieuports and even German planes. Confused to see enemy planes on the same field, John's confusion increased even more as he saw strange looking brown and green buildings—**no, they weren't buildings!** They looked like planes! Strange looking crafts he had never seen before.

Suddenly out of a clear sky machine gun fire burst from a German Habberstad two-seater. John's heartbeat froze as he saw the guns aimed at his forehead. He braced himself for the inevitable, as he saw the fatal burst.

Nothing! Nothing happened. Enough bullets to kill him and tear his plane apart, but not a single thing happened.

Quickly John did a barrel roll, coming neatly behind the German plane. He signaled it to land. The pilot and navigator laughed.

John ended their laughter with a quick burst through the side of their plane, and saw the navigator hold up his bleeding hand. Again he signaled it to land, and quickly followed it down, landing near the green and brown objects.

A man in a blue suit raced toward him yelling, "You fool! Get over to the air show!"

Puzzled John asked, "What

air show?"

"That one!" The man pointed.

The mystery deepened as John pointed to the German planes and asked, "What nationality is this airdrome?"

The man stared at him strangely and then burst out laughing, "What's the matter with you? Airdrome. Brother! It's English of course."

John pointed to the brown and green objects, "What are those?"

"Are you high on something, mate? Those are jet aircraft. . . . just wait here and I'll get the General." The man hurried off.

"General?" He had never seen a real general. At least not up close. The highest rank he had approached had been his commanding Major. As the man sped toward one of the hangars, John quickly checked over his Camel. It was pretty badly damaged, but it could still fly.

The Germans were approaching him, one holding a bandaged hand, "Are you crazy! You almost killed us."

They didn't sound German, but John was taking no chances. He always carried a Webley revolver, just in case he was ever captured. He pulled it from under his jacket.

"Are you daft?" the German cried.

"Stay there! Hands on your head!" John ordered.

A man in a strange uniform was approaching. On his shoulders were a crown, a pip, and a pair of swords. "Must be the General," John thought.

The navigator began to speak, "General Whiticomb, this man shot live ammo in the mock dogfight. Nearly killed me!" He held up his injured hand.

John steadied the gun, ordering "Shut up!"

Turning to the General he said, "Are you in the manner of letting Huns run. . . . " His face paled, *'Whiticomb, my commander's name is Whiticomb'.* John suddenly grew frightened. The man before him appeared to be in his 80s.

The General was staring in disbelief at John. In a hoarse whisper he said, "Take this man to my office immediately."

More confused than ever, John was escorted to the office. The General stared at him. "Do I know you?"

John replied, "Possibly."

"How did you get here?"

"I was flying a mission to St. Mikiel to . . ."

"Blow up the dirigible factory."

"How did you know?"

"Who are you?" the General demanded.

"Lt. John Harrison, Royal Flying Corps, 106. . . ."

"2893."

"Yes." His voice was scarcely audible.

"Do you have any identification

"Darn! It's running fast again!"

Empty all your pockets!"

As if in a dream, he set down his identification card, his knife, and his helmet, but something refrained him from giving up his Webley. Looking straight at the General, he said in a trembling voice, "I know who you are. My commander . . . but, how. . . ."

"Yes, and I know you, Lt. Harrison. But where did you come from? How did you get here on this date?"

"What date?"

"February 16, 1978."

He sat. Shocked. Unable to reply for a second, and then it burst from him like a scream, "1978!"

"Yes, it is ironic that you

landed here. This air base is named after you. Harrison Air Force Base. The Air Show is being held on the 60th anniversary of your death. . . ." The last word was uttered low and almost apologetically.

"Death?" John whispered again.

"Yes. After the war with the Germans. . . ."

"We won?"

"Yes. We were told that in a gallant battle you dived into a cloud . . ."

"Oh, my God, and reappeared in that one!" John pointed out the window to the cloud now drifting away. "I have to get out of here!" Panic filled his voice. He jumped up and raced out of the door toward his Camel.

The General was shouting. Something about a jet, but John didn't care. He knew he was still alive! All he had to do was enter the cloud and reappear. He was alive! He was!

His Camel sped forward, quickly gaining altitude, his heart pounding so he could scarcely breath as he began his entry into the cloud.

"No!" His mind screamed a silent plea as he saw the big green and brown jet heading straight for him. He couldn't turn! He had to make the cloud! He opened fire as the jet continued on a collision course.

Watching from the ground, the General moaned as the plane split apart in a ball of flame. . . .

A report must be made. But who would believe the truth? General Whiticomb would let the secret die with him.

The report simply read:

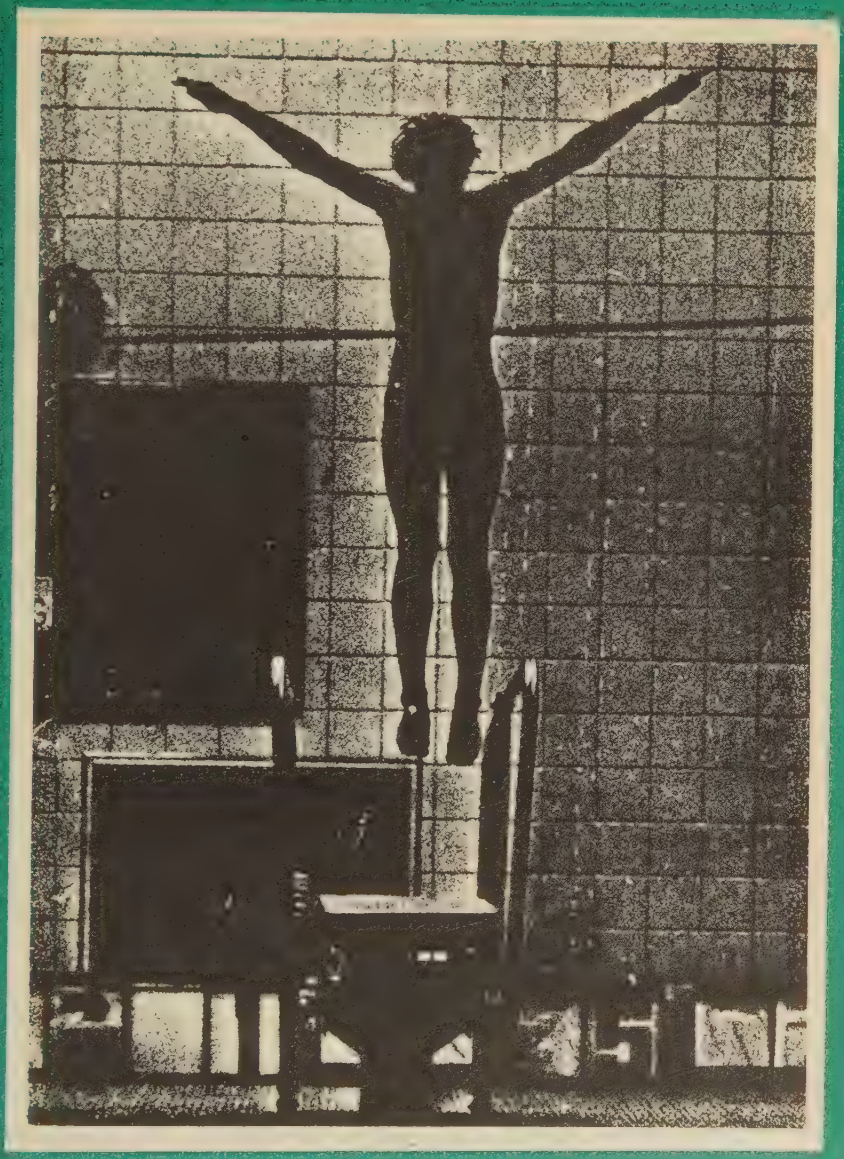
CLASSIFIED
FILE 1065321A
February 16, 1978

REPORT:

HARRISON AIR FORCE BASE AIR SHOW. ONE CASUALTY. WHITE MALE, APPROXIMATELY 27 YEARS OF AGE.

DETAILS: Unidentified pilot, obviously emotionally disturbed, flew an unregistered 1917 Model Sopwith Camel 400 feet in the air, and opened fire with live ammunition. Apparently deliberately flew into the path of a Hawker Tempest Harrier during the air show. The Sopwith Camel was cut in half and exploded in midair.

GENERAL CARL J. WHITICOMB
RETIRED, R.A.F.



THE DIVER
PHOTOGRAPH
ROSS WESTLAKE

UNTITLED
LINOLEUM PRINT
MARTHA ARCE

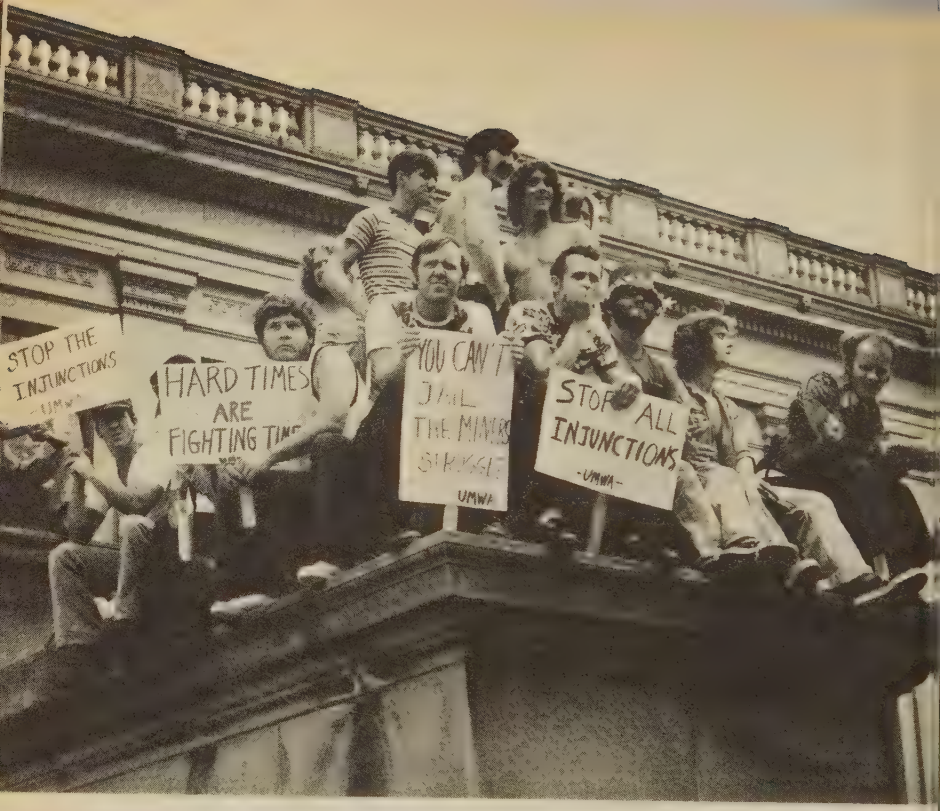
NO BONDS
SUSAN C. COLE

The old man
sits perched atop
a chair
constructed of solidified dreams.
His eyes
look far beyond
the things he sees
as he tells,
to those who listen,
tales
of lands and life
beyond the realms of reality.
He chuckles
as they gasp in amazement
and he feels the seat
which he has known
longer
than most have lived
and he knows
that they have not yet discovered
that no chair
can hold
the imaginative mind.

GOAT LADY
LESLIE WHITE

old indian woman
—her corrugated
face
stained as worn copper
is—stands. her
loose
aged skin
sinks into eyes,
nearly useless,
eyes that unconsciously
boast of her
Majestic People,
her Brothers
with Wisdom and Strength
worthy of
Legend,
a People equal to the Mountains.

proud
goatlady stands
unhumbled
to care for the goats.



COAL MINERS MONUMENT
PHOTOGRAPH
BILL KELLEY III

THAT KIND OF POVERTY
WENDY-PERI FLORES

his eyes are like
a bull
in the arenas
and he's full of
stress and
fury
and so much pressure
is on him
and there's hate
when he's vexed
at the world
or the pipes
for not sending up
hot water
and his spirit
gets fierce
and desires
to strike a blow
like a sledgehammer
and his mind
is clogged
with a craving
to scream
and let out
his anxiety
that builds up
like bricks
that are constructing
a building
that will later
become
a rat infested
tenement with
problems
and more people
like himself
and he wakes up from a
nightmare shivering and
frightened
because the room is dark
the walls are cracked
and his dreams
are short
and his christmas
has no
tree.

FRAMPTON
PEN AND INK
VANESSA PAULSON

AN ESCAPE
KAREN DYSON

As near as I could tell, it was almost midnight. All was quiet and seemed to appear perfectly normal. I had been planning for this night for quite some time. It's really the worst feeling in the world to be boxed in like this.

"They'll really be surprised tomorrow when they bring my breakfast in," I thought silently while breaking the silence with a low humorous chuckle. Then I started to carry out my plan. I pushed all my furniture over to the side wall and piled it up to the ceiling. Then I cautiously climbed up the pile to the top. I heaved with all my weight against the loosely attached ceiling and succeeded in pushing it open, only wide enough for me to exit. My hair was matted with sweat while a feeling of excitement ran through my body.

I jumped down to the floor and crept slowly to the main doorway. The dog. That was the only problem. He was lying asleep at the end of the hallway. I slipped out of the doorway and down the stairs, carefully exercising the muscles in my toes. I stopped on the last stair and listened: I could still hear the snoring. I made it! I was free at last!

I started scampering around the livingroom and kitchen in total ecstasy. I had escaped the montonous life a Gerbil lives in a cage.

MAN OF THE WORLD
ROBERT S. DRUM

Standing at the crossroads
A certified, bona fide man of the world.
Eighteen years of practiced cool tossed
over languishing love soon to be lost
raging like a terrible twisting tempest within.
But with her eyes upon me, I stand stoic, a figure
cleft in stone
And pray she never hears
My awful throbbing, sobbing heart drowning
unseen
in
tears

UNTITLED
PHOTOGRAPH
GARY SLOAN

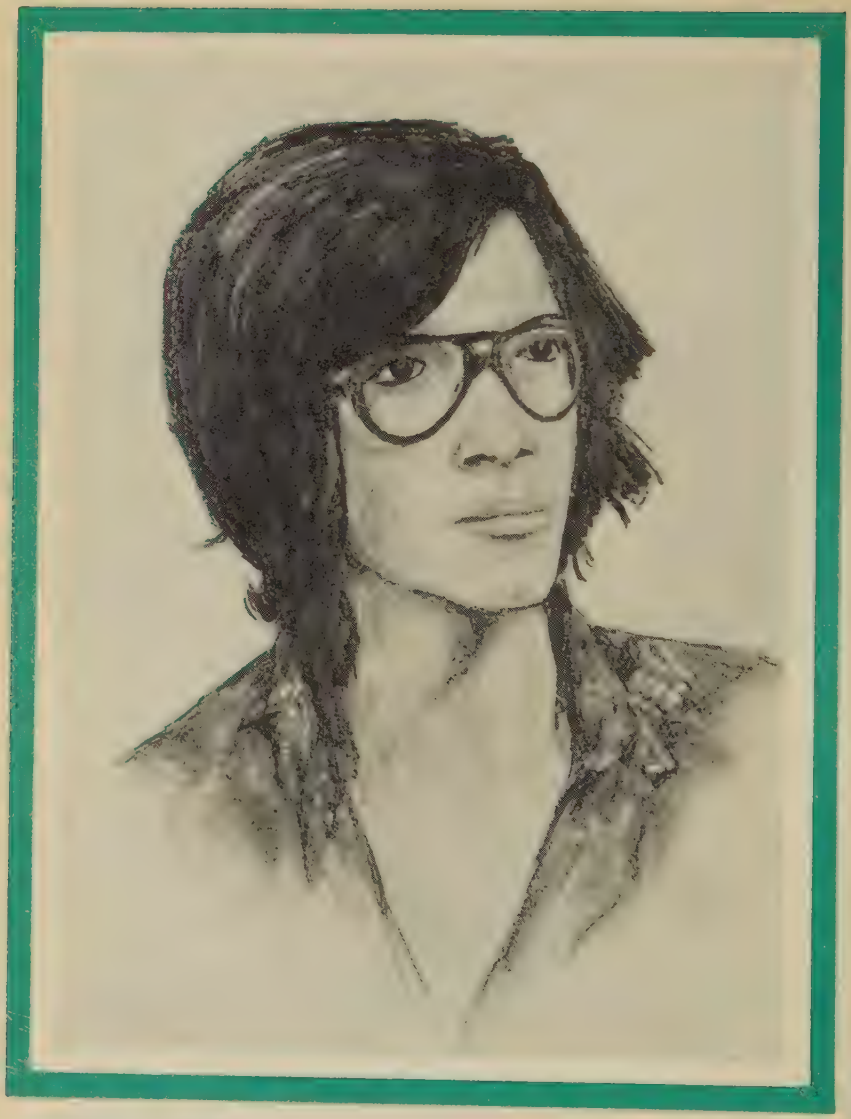
ITLED
RCOAL
URIE COURTNEY

RHONDA
PHOTOGRAPH
STEVE KRYSTYNIAK

CRUISIN'
PHOTOGRAPH
PARKER ROBERTS

SOLITUDE
ELIZABETH BROYLES

No man is an island,
but if I possibly could
be a secluded peninsula
I most definitely would!



PENCIL PORTRAIT
PENCIL
MARTY YOHN

FATHER AND SON
CLAY
SHERRY COMBS

SONS
HEATHER DICKSON

Maybe it was the heat that was keeping the corn from growing. Or maybe it was that Ben was working the field by himself that year. The cornstalks were only half as tall as they should've been by mid-September, but if he waited two weeks more the frost would come. If only the boys were here, he thought. He unearthed a rock with his hoe, picked it up and tossed it into the irrigation ditch beside him. Dry, he thought. Always dry this year. If the boys were here they would've helped dig a run all the way to the river. But by myself? Ben glanced out past his fields, out to the parched pastures where the cows

grazed. They're gonna die too, he thought, if it don't rain soon. I'll let them go out to the hills to die.

Past the hills where he couldn't see was Germany. In his mind, Ben tried to picture Germany at least once every day. He couldn't. He didn't even know where Germany was. All he knew was that his sons were there now, marching and pointing guns at other boys. Just because some man no one knew wanted them there. It don't seem right, Ben thought. Who raised my boys? No one but their ma and pa. No one but me and Ellen were with them when they were sick and when they cried because it was dark. I was the one who carried Nathan to Doc Ridges the time he got his leg broke. Bad break, Doc said. If you hadn't got him here so soon, mabe we would have problems. Yes Doc, please just see to him now . . .

The first two had been a surprise. Ben had never seen twins before his were born. Ellen smiled and said, Ben what do you think? Fine, mighty fine. The one that was born first Ben named John. His eldest son had to be John. What are we gonna call this one? Ben didn't know. Ellen said, Ben—the Bible. Get it. Where it opens will be this one's name. That's the Christian way. Yes, Ben said and his hands shook as he held the Bible. When he set it on the table and let it go, the pages fell open to Thomas.

Two years later Ben stood with his sons by the pump, waiting. When, Daddy, when? Soon, John. Thomas, I'll show you something if you get on over here. And Thomas came, only falling twice. The doctor came out and said, she's fine, your son's fine, but no more babies. Okay, Doc, that's okay. I have three. Three sons. And the doctor smiled because the two at the pump looked exactly alike.

Ben was proud when his sons went to school. Proud when John could read from the Bible and even add numbers. And Nathan, why, no boy could plow a straighter line, not anywhere. All three strong and tan. And two of them looked exactly the same. Any man would be proud. His wife shook her head and said, Ben, boys grow up to men. They aren't yours forever. But they'll always be my sons, Ben said. But he kept his pride inside him, away from his wife and his sons, after that.

Thomas pointed to the candy behind the glass, the ones with red stripes. Please, Pa, can we? Please, just this once? And three copper pennies were pressed into their palms. And Ben

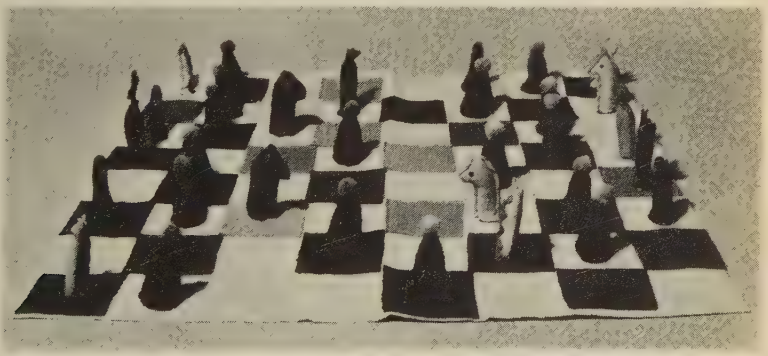
TROLLY WORKE
PHOTOGRAPH
TOM WEBLER

JUST PLAIN TIRED
PHOTOGRAPH
CRAIG STOCKEL

was proud when his sons said thank-you to the man behind the counter. And it was just once.

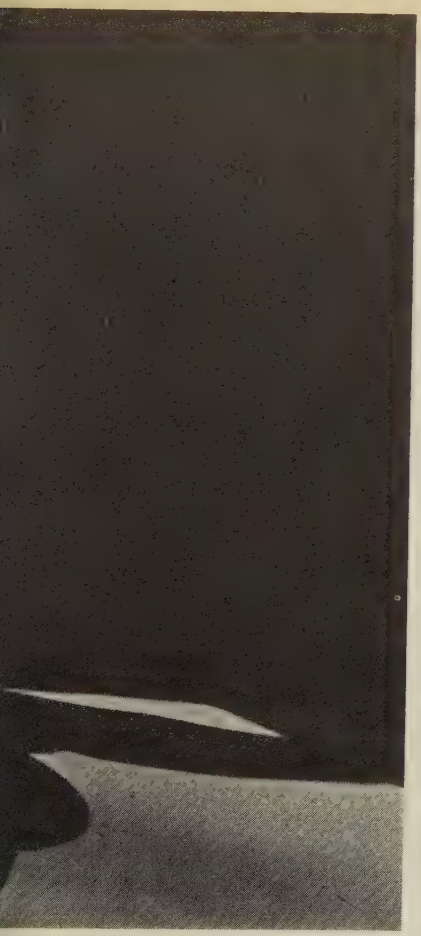
Pa, we gotta go. Got to, Thomas said. Them Nazis, why, they're killing just about everybody over there. We gotta stop 'em. And Nathan nodded and pulled his sack over his shoulder. We'll be back, Pa. Soon as them Nazis are dead. Germany ain't so far from Kentucky. We'll be back, alright. And three pairs of boots walked across the porch and went down the steps two at a time. The porch where they listened to a story about a king in a land far away, all three fighting sleep to stay awake until they lived happily ever after. And when Nathan could fight no more, Ben pulled his boots off and put him in his bed and said good-night to his sons. Don't worry, Ben, they'll be back. But she clutched the Bible even tighter when she couldn't see them anymore.

This crop won't be no good, Ben said out loud. He lifted his hoe and let it fall, breaking apart still another clump of dirt. If only it would rain.



CHESS SET
FELT
JULIE HESSLER

PLASTIC MAGIC
PHOTOGRAPH
JAMES HIVELY



TO BELIEVE
MARGERY RICARDS

I wish I could believe
In the manner of the peasant farmer,
Simply and unrefinedly
Knowing the essence of the earth.
I wish I could believe
With all the undoubting loyalty of the dog
In the infallibility of his master.
I wish I could believe
In the way of the Eastern mystic
And find communion with myself.
And with the Holy Spirit.
I wish I could believe
And find the strength of the scholars and of tradition behind me,
As in the Orthodox religions.
I wish I could believe
As a marathon runner
With the conviction that always the next step will follow this.
I wish I could lay like a child
In a parent's arms
And find no weakness.
I wish I could believe
"Jesus loves me"
Because the Bible tells me so.

UNTITLED
MARTHA FITZWATER

Long before the Beatles had their
Revolution 9
And Charles Manson X-ed himself
from our world,
There was War.

And there was death
and dying
and hatred. I was playing with paper dolls.

Long before Hitler toyed with his armies
and Rudolph Valentino charmed
the young ladies,
There was War.

And there was persecution
and prejudice
and communism. I wasn't even a twinkle in my mother's
eye yet.

Long before the Liberty Bell,
Uncle Sam and the Pilgrims,
There was War.

And there was greed
and unfaithfulness
and totalitarianism.

Long before the people could communicate when they spoke
And laugh and cry and live together,
There was War

And God said we should love
and care
and understand.

But
There was War.
Long before anyone listened.

YOUTH
PENCIL DRAWING
DAVE BEHM

THE BRIDGE
PENCIL
CATHY ROWE

BITTER TRAIL OF RETREAT
LARRY BRAHM

Trees rattle their branches among themselves,
making splintering sounds as they crack under the weight of ice
and force of wind.
The afternoon sunlight
pours forth upon the cedar limbs,
illuminating moss like leaves and red knotted trunks.
The powdery snow, a white apparition,
drifts as desert sands.

Unshod, glassy-eyed ponies stagger forth.
The old people ride, their legs too weak to support them.
Faded blankets shroud their frail bodies,
an unavailing protection from bitter January winds.
Faces seared by summer sun,
creased from winter frost,
peer from beneath these threadbare wrappings.
Faces that tell of many warm springs, and many hard winters.
They tell of strength, dominance and defeat,
of days of peace and freedom
now sought only in the wayward wind.
The exhausted horses plod onward, emaciated dogs at their feet,
insecure upon the icy trail.

The young ones follow, fatigued and bitter,
bare feet lacerated by ice, bleed upon the trail.
The blood freezes immediately and becomes a crimson stain
that will remain till spring.
They breath frosty breath upon numb hands,
many fingers will be lost this winter.
(The horses whine)
Unconquered eyes tear from the cold.
In desperation they look upward
into the great undisturbed blue.
If the sky were sound; a chime would ring forever.
Such is its clearness today.

They trek onward,
fearing the trail behind.
(The dogs sniff the air cautiously)
They will never return to reservation life.
The white man's way is not theirs—
nor was it meant to be.
These are people of the earth.
Their lands are gone.
They retain only their solidarity and willingness to survive;
as they have, as they must.

MARCH BLUES
KRISTA MALLISON

March—
I want July.
So I buy
stringy espadrilles,
brown-striped bathing suit.
Paint my nails red, hurrying the season.
Sun, blind me—
Scorch my thighs and cheeks,
Streak my hair with gold.

Sixty-three degrees.
I pretend it's ninety.
Spring, you may pass this year—
no need for rainy April
after March winds blow
snow from every crevice.
July will simply melt
leftover winter away.

Kites can remain
in their cellophane wrappers.
I will fly—
be the kite
behind a ski boat.
Paint me
like a Japanese dragon—
I hope the string breaks
and frees me
to float among sun-dappled clouds.
I will laugh
at the thawing world below.

RMAID
TOGRAPH
AN PASCOE

UNTITLED
PEN AND INK WITH WATERCOLOR
JILL M. WALZ

SOMETIMES MY WORDS
DON ANDERSON

Sometimes my words
Come tumbling out like clumsy acrobats
Easily misunderstood
They are embarrassed at their own lack of finesse
and their real point is awkwardly crushed under a misbalanced sentence.
If you are my audience
please forgive the unprofessional performance
Beneath the imperfect act I create with my borrowed words
lie beating hearts repeating with deepest sincerity
I care
I want to understand
I want to be
I am
And although you watch the acrobats
stumble self-consciously
Don't be afraid to look deeper.
I invite you to search me
while I search you.
Beneath my clumsy oratory
perhaps you will hear those softly-whispered words
whispered.
softly.
(very softly)
I love you.

COPPER JEWELRY
LISA GSTALDER

OBAASAN
KAREN KOTANI

Aged and weathered from passing years
Her face reflects a quiet wisdom.
Her hands are rough and scarred from work
In fields of sugar plantations.
She's like a common grain of sand
In a sea of endless faces
Unnoticed in a world that moves
Like waves rushing to the shore
Her thoughts are often faraway
In times we have forgotten
She's a "kiku" blossom which is
Slowly withering away
And though a smile often appears
A sad look lingers in her eyes
And many times I see a tear
Fall onto her gray cotton dress
She's lonely and yet she bears
The pain she feels within her heart.

* OBAASAN= Japanese Grandmother
* KIKU =Japanese name for chrysanthemum

TO GRANDFATHER
CYNTHIA D. CHIN-LEE

We have a picture of my deceased grandfather hanging in the hall of our house. This picture, a reminder of my family past, is also a symbol of my Chinese heritage in a life which is American in most ways. I wrote this monologue as a tribute to my grandfather and as an expression of how I feel being Chinese-American.

I must dust this picture of my grandfather and wipe away the years of negligence. Yes, Grandpa, you've been asleep for over eight years.

You are in this picture just as in my mind's eye—a burly fellow. I remember your face—the deep set eyes were the color of grey evening fog. They touched us with their silent pain. Your mouth was like a heavy wooden door whose hinges of a jaw creaked. And your voice, soft but emphatic, spoke in the graceful slowness of old age. Your hair swirled on top of your head: You old Chinese man with white flaming hair clouds!

To us tots you were a giant at 5′ 9½″—a hefty size man with plenty of meat beneath your baggy blue suit. I recall holding your hands. The smooth, well-worked fingers were like breadsticks; we clung to them as little kids will. How you were a venerable man at 82.

We would visit you and Grandma every Sunday at the laundry. Like it, you were poor and quaint, but so sturdily built. You took us to the park, us little girls in floral print dresses and my brothers and cousins in tee-shirts and pants. We bounced around in sandals or sneakers, playing games. Later you let us buy peanuts to feed the pigeons. We ran to the corner . . . zip and then waited for you to cross with us. We strutted into the drugstore, put the nickel you gave us proudly on the counter, and took a bag of cellophane-wrapped peanuts. When I try to reconstruct those Sunday afternoons, I can't figure out how this worked. You always spoke Chinese, and we only understood English. Maybe you spoke the little English you knew or maybe you didn't say anything but put a nickel into our palms and pointed to the pigeons. Then everyone smiled and

understood. That was the language of love.

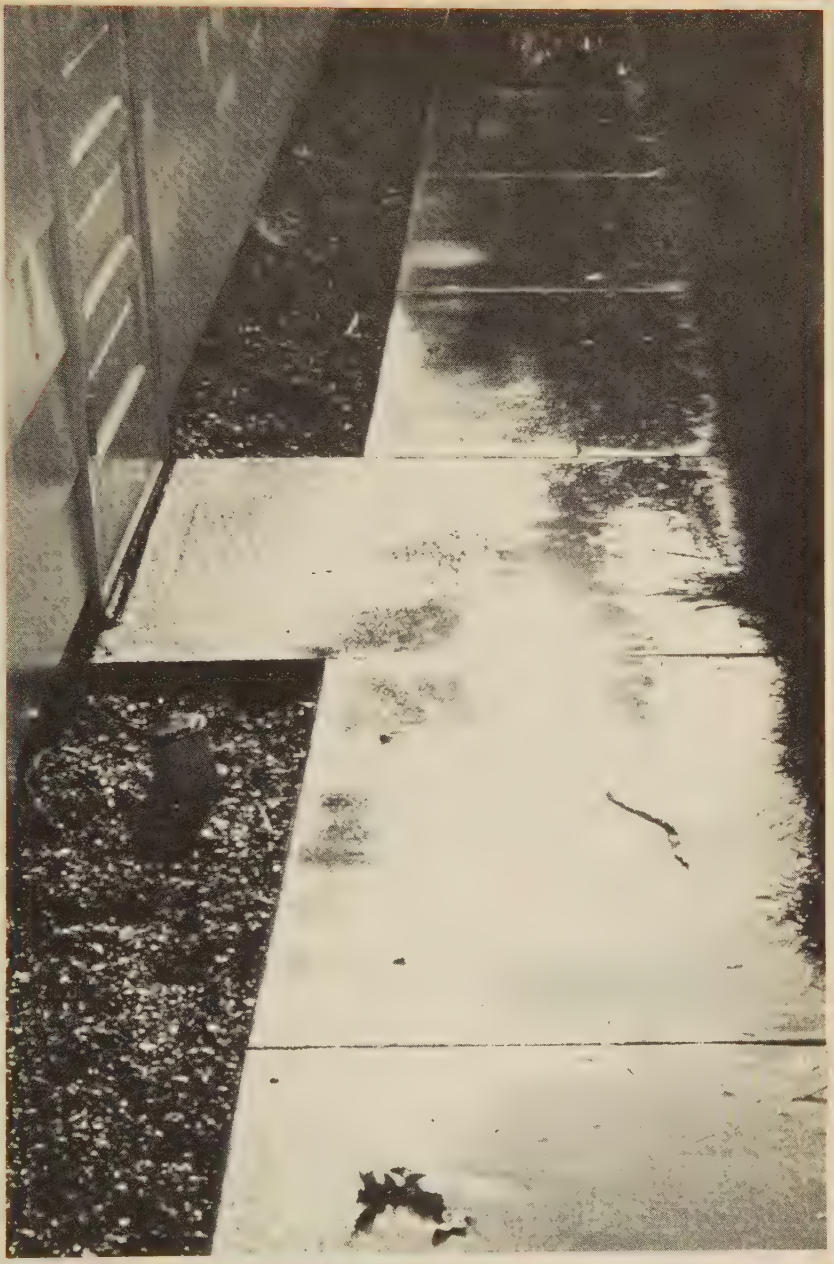
Grandad, you were alive then. Now you're a memory, but you are more than this picture on the wall. You're a spirit alive at every family reunion or when we walk the mountain to visit you at the cemetery. My aunts and uncles set food on your grave, and we gather around. Dad brings out three small wine cups and pours gin into them. Uncle lights incense and burns fake paper money. I watch behind my male cousins, poking out my head to see the smoke slither like a serpent and then vanish into your world. Finally we all nod three times, chanting mysterious Chinese words.

That is all I know about you Grandfather. Sometimes I wish I could have listened to your stories about China for I have never seen China except in pictures. I was always the little girl who knew the pledge of allegiance since first grade, who played kickball and spud in the alley, and who loved to recite nursery rhymes. While you were in heaven, I was growing up—talking, playing and fighting American things in an American home. Now I go to Harvard and hang around my intellectual pink friends and banana and oreo friends. I work with the activist minority students too.

But all this time, Grandpa, I've been wondering what it means to be Chinese and American. Sometimes I am not sure how I must act or think . . . like a Chinese, like an American, I walk this tiny tightrope which is a hyphen between two worlds. I am Chinese, Grandad, just as I could never deny the pain in your eyes or my Chinese heritage, as I would not reshape my face or avoid the hurt of slanted names. But I am American and I'll always sing "America the Beautiful" with native gusto and love fireworks on the Fourth of July. This is my home, America.

Maybe you can help me work this out. And seeing my life you won't be mad or disappointed that I can't be as Chinese as people think I should be. And you'll understand my confusion when people won't accept me as American, but will ask me how I learned to speak English. I hope you are happy, Grandfather, because I am a proud Chinese-American or Asian-American—a person happy deep down inside, essentially beautiful, just being me.

AFTER THE STORM
PHOTOGRAPH
DAVID J. MAXWE



SELF PORTRAIT
PENCIL
RACHEL C. EPSTEIN

UNTITLED
JULIE STRAYER

The rain pouring down—
* outside and in*
leaving blotches on the paper;
* smearing my words—*
like all the times in the past
when love grew cold
and it was time to leave

i need to be with you
to hold you near, feeling
the way your understanding
encircles me
comforting the pain away

it will not last—
* you and i—*
and someday i'll add you in
like those i hurt over now
but it'll be beautiful—
* you and i—*

and when the sun streams through—
* outside and in—*
good times will be remembered
with a wistful smile
and i'll know what
you've given me
deepens continuously
so a part of you
can be given to others—
* through me*

SILENT SHOTS
ANTOINETTE JACKSON

Dribbles of echoes
drenched in silence.
  A Gymnasium
of lost enthusiasm.

Shadows of cheers
nap between bleachers,
as one neurotic All-Star
shoots in the dark.
Dribbles
            of
                echoes . . .

Baskets of memories . . .
Bounce
Bounce
Bounce
These shots won't count.

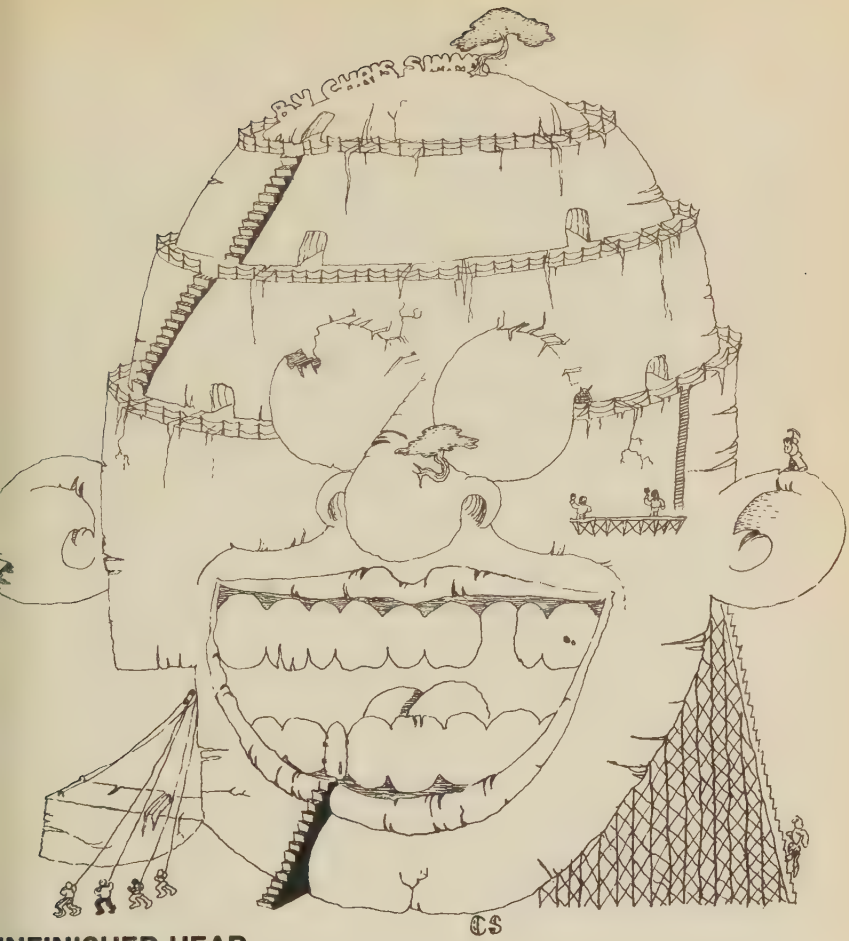
THE EXPLORER
PHOTOGRAPH
BART KASTEN

UNTITLED
PETER TORVIK

Stand
strong and hard!
Reach,
grasp! (and kill)
Blood,
Marine:
Be
Man.

Lie
meek and mute.
Give,
serve him.
Plastic,
Doll:
Be
Woman.

This Is.
(by nature; a genetic difference)
Don't choose.
Don't think.
Man fights.
Woman rots.
Why
Be
At All?



UNFINISHED HEAD
EN AND INK
CHRIS SIMMS

ARITHMETIC
DIANN BAECKER

If I had two apples
and you asked me
for one of them,
  how many would I have?
If I was feeling
sort of moody
and terribly hungry,
  I'd have two.
If I was feeling generous
and you looked hungry,
  I'd have none.
But either way,
you might get mad
  and hate me,
insulted because I gave you none
or pitied you
and gave you all.
Yet,
if we were friends,
  you and I,
we would exist within one sphere
and you would know
that if I gave you none,
  I was hungry,
and if I gave you all,
  you looked hungry.
And you wouldn't be insulted,
mad,
or hate me,
for we wouldn't be living
in separate spheres,
  if we were friends,
    you and I.

If I had two apples
and you asked me
for one of them,
I'd give you one.

RELAXING
PENCIL
THUY D. LETHI

ALONE WITH THE RIVER
PHOTOGRAPH
KEVIN EATON

1
ON ANDERSON, 17
ke Oswego, Or.
ometimes My Words"
vrite most easily when I find
yself in new situations, meet new
ople or visit new places. Writing
just one type of creative outlet
at I enjoy. Most of my creative
iting stems from pure
scination for life, for the very fact
at I exist—sort of a reverent
wking at the fantastic universe
at surrounds and supports me.
his particular poem, like all
oems, should speak for itself—if it
asn't, I've failed. But perhaps it is
ost applicable to people like me,
ose of us who find it difficult to
ways express just what we mean
ithout being misunderstood.

5
ARTHA ARCE, 13
oral Gables, Fla.
ntitled
ike to create all kinds of art
ecause someday I would like to
ecome famous for my work. I
ave been taking art and graphics
asses since I was in sixth grade. I
rite poetry and develop
hotographs at home. To me, art is
creative thing.

DON ANDERSON

IANN BAECKER

52
DIANN BAECKER, 17
Greensboro, N.C.
"Arithmetic"
I've always been somewhat of a fanatic about words. My mom says I'm the only kid she knows who used to read cereal boxes. However, it wasn't until two years ago that I seriously started to write. Most of my work consists of poetry. I chose that form of creative writing because I get bored writing stories and they don't seem to come as naturally as my poems do. I'm working with my stories, but I don't feel they're as ready as my poems are to be circulated to magazines and contests. "Arithmetic" really has no fascinating origin. I was sitting in class one day and started thinking about the old "if I had two apples" bit. The poem just went on from there. The ending kind of snuck up on me. I've found my work is better when I don't know the ending until I get there. I revised it, of course, but it stayed basically the same.

8
DEBRA AUSTIN, 15
Kimball, Neb.
"The Grass is Always Greener . . ."
I recently moved from Forsyth, Montana, where my photograph was taken. I got started in photography through the 4-H program there. I plan to keep developing my photographic skills so that I can enjoy this hobby more in the future. I am also interested in music, track and sewing as well as being involved in many school activities.

DEBRA AUSTIN

MARTHA ARCE

35
DAVE BEHM, 17
Bellefontaine, Ohio
"Youth"
I first started painting in about sixth grade. My interest was started by my older brother who introduced it to me. Although his interest did not last too long, mine did. I really began to paint seriously around my sophomore year in high school. The art teacher, Mr. Grilles, was very helpful and must be the person I owe the most to. Because of my father's being a minister, I had to move in the middle of my junior year. At my new school I was allowed to do pretty much my own thing. I'm looking forward to my art major at the University of Cincinnati this fall.

64
MICHAEL BESS, 13
Tillamook, Or.
"The World in a Snail Shell"
I have drawn with ink for several years. I like ink as a medium because it is so versatile. I just let my imagination go and came up with "The World in a Snail Shell." I like watercolor, too. Sometimes it is very frustrating to work with, though. I have drawn since I was a young child and I have always loved it.

DAVE BEHM

MICHAEL BESS

4
PATTY BILY, 17
Asheville, N.C.
"The Prince, the Horse, and the Tweeters Three"
The very act of creating in one's mind, of bringing forth out of that vague region known as consciousness an idea, fresh, unique, and breathlessly alive, is sheer ecstasy in itself. For in these days of step-by-step instructions; trite, overused expressions; and pushbutton entertainment, nothing is more craved for nor more vital.

36
LARRY BRAHM, 16
Westport, Conn.
"Bitter Trail of Retreat"
Creative expression belongs to man alone. It results from combining the subtle forces of nature with his deepest inner spirit. Through the ideas or images he creates, he is actually preserving a part of himself as well as communicating to others. Nature and the natural world are one of the major underlying currents in all my writing. The ruthless struggle of man against nature, and the unique harmony that can exist between them have always fascinated me. The American Indians found harmony with the natural world. Here they found eternal hope. When their lifestyle was completely destroyed by the mid-1890's they had nowhere else to turn. When any people are reduced to nothing, they have nowhere else to turn; therefore the bitter retreat.

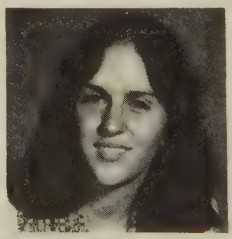
LARRY BRAHM

PATTY BILY

25
ELIZABETH BROYLES, 16
Point Pleasant Beach, N.J.
"Solitude."
Poetry has provided a way for me to express gracefully thoughts which would otherwise seem harsh or awkward. "Solitude" tells much of my character and also leaves much to be assumed. I enjoy being with people, but have a great need to be by myself and discover the person I am becoming. Through solitude, my writing has become less inhibited, I have become better acquainted with my inner self, and have also come to realize God's work within my life. In my opinion, solitude is a necessity to growing, being initially more important than outside experience. Knowledge and a clear picture of oneself is important before reality can be brought into focus.

9
NANCY CASTLE, 15
Siletz, Or.
"Giggles"
I first became interested in photography when I started a 4-H photography project in the fourth grade. "Giggles" is a picture of my sister which I took for a 4-H fair entry. Some of my photos have been used to accompany feature articles written by my mother, a free-lance writer. I especially enjoy photographing children and our area scenery.

ELIZABETH BROYLES


NANCY CASTLE

43
CYNTHIA D. CHIN-LEE, 18
Washington, D.C.
"To Grandfather"
It's hard for me to say what writing means to me or why I write. I can say, however, that writing has become an integral part of my life—a vocation rather than a hobby. I've given up certain things with growing up: I don't watch TV very much; I stopped dancing and piano lessons long ago. But somehow I'm sure I'll keep writing. Writing is important to me because it is a way to discover, a way to learn. My dad often tells me to set my priorities. Well, if I may express them simplistically, they are to love people and life and to learn as much as I can about people and life. I find myself the happiest when I am concerned with other people so I try to be with them, help them, and learn from them. But there are times when one must step back and reflect. It is then that I write, and trying to capture a moment, a thought or the memory of a person via paper and pen, I learn something. And the more I learn, the better I am and the better able to love.

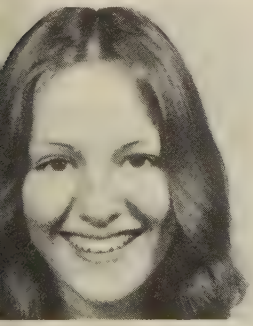
17
SUSAN C. COLE, 17
Montoursville, Pa.
"No Bonds"
I've been writing since fifth grade. Then, poetry was a way of expressing things I didn't understand. Now, it is also an outlet for expressing my feelings for things I do understand. Though all questions aren't answered in or through writing, I feel that each time I fully expound on my feelings in a piece that I move just a little farther down that road to self discovery in the absolute sense. Though I sometimes feel shy about expressing things vocally or physically, I find I can oracize to my will as well as make love to someone with a poem.

SUSAN C. COLE

ERRY COMBS, 17
Clemens, Mich.
ther and Son"
artwork is a reflection of all that rounds me. It is a vision within head waiting to be created. My d, hands and sight are the en tools I use. Life is my model.

URIE COURTNEY, 14
anac Lake, N.Y.
itled
ppreciate the beautiful and gant things in the world. My art rk is simply an attempt to reate this beauty for everyone ee. I've always liked pictures t catch people's attention. I ught I would try to do a picture that myself, a dramatic picture. s contest inspired my entry. It is first dramatic picture of a son I've ever done.

HIA D. CHIN-LEE



Y COMBS

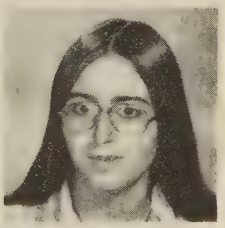
27

HEATHER DICKSON, 16
Bethel Park, Pa.
"Sons"
Exploring family relationships through writing has always interested me. The father-son relationship appears to me to be the most interesting and often the most complex. When I wrote my short story, "Sons," I wanted my character to portray the pride he felt because of his sons, the feelings he kept inside, and above all, his love for his sons. I hope I made my character bring these things across well to my reader.

22

ROBERT S. DRUM, 18
Norristown, Pa.
"Man of the World"
Poetry can be assembled in solitude but needs someone else for completion. It's a personal experience, but like all creativity, must be shared to be meaningful. I tried to comment on the "masks" that people sometimes wear, afraid to reveal the inner person.

HEATHER DICKSON



LAURIE COURTNEY

ROBERT S. DRUM

54

KEVIN EATON, 17
South Royalton, Vt.
"Alone with the River"
Creative expression—to be able to see a scene, and to record and communicate my feelings to others through my photographs. I am so amazed at the ability to capture moments of time with a camera, to stop the world with a snap of the shutter. I became involved in photography through my father. He had all the equipment needed to develop and print photographs. My older brother was the one who set up a darkroom and introduced me to the wonders of photography. "Alone With the River" is a picture of my brother kayaking on the White River. I liked the way he and his boat were peacefully silhouetted against the harsh glare on the water.

21

KAREN DYSON, 17
Pine Bluff, Ark.
"An Escape"
While I have always held an interest in creative writing, my interest in the past few years has been heightened through personal satisfaction and outside encouragement. Creative writing allows me to freely express my dreams, goals and thoughts which I think is important in a society where many thoughts of young people are often suppressed. Through the entry I submitted, "The Escape," I hope that readers will be able to derive some of the pleasure that I experienced while writing it.

KAREN DYSON

KEVIN EATON

46
RACHEL C. EPSTEIN, 14
Kensington, Md.
"Self Portrait"
I have taken various are courses since elementary school, but I only became interested in art while taking two art classes in the eighth grade, taught by Mary Bloom. I've taken other art courses during the summer and in the ninth grade, along with doing some painting and sketching on my own. I was inspired to do self portraits so I could picture myself exactly the way I saw myself. My favorite artist is Arthur Dove.

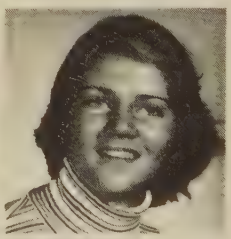
34
MARTHA FITZWATER, 15
San Antonio, Tex.
Untitled
There is no better way to reach out to another human being than through creative expression. When I wrote my first poem at age six, I was not really sure of what was beginning in my life. But now I am sure. I know that through this form of communication many people can be reached—and touched—through a simple turn of a phrase. Upon writing "Long before . . ." I was disturbed with the realization that war had prevailed in our society, even as it progressed and became more civilized. It is a rude awakening to know that so much goodness could be wiped away by the hand of Adolph Hitler or an atomic bomb. My poem symbolizes my hope of change in the attitudes toward war in our society and our world. And what better way than through creative expression coming from the heart?

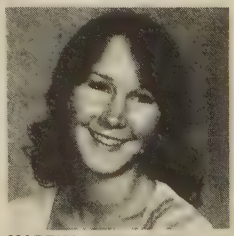
RACHEL C. EPSTEIN

19
WENDY-PERI FLORES, 18
Glen Rock, N.J.
"That Kind of Povery"
Creative expression means having a chance to show one's own individuality.

42
LISA GSTALDER, 17
Eden Prairie, Mn.
"Copper Jewelry"
It seems like I've always been involved in some form of art. The *Youth* Magazine creative arts contests have encouraged me to continue in my art. This past year I took a jewelry class. I really enjoyed it because I could make the kind of jewelry I liked. I really learned more about design and how important it is to have good design in your art.

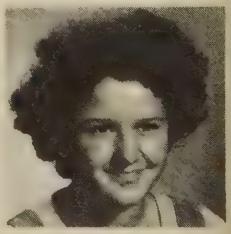
WENDY-PERI FLORES

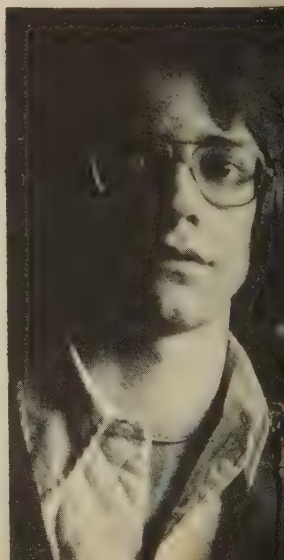

LISA GSTALDER


MARTHA FITZWATER

31
JULIE HESSLER, 13
St. Paul, Mn.
"Chess Set"
I made the chess set as part of a requirement for art class. We were supposed to make a chess set of our own idea—it could be made out of anything. Most of the people decided on wooden sets, so I chose felt. I also liked patchwork so I decided to make the board this way. I also learned to play a little chess!

32
JAMES HIVELY, 19
York, Pa.
"Plastic Magic"
For my purpose, artistic expression is the process by which I can graphically portray a statement or mood which excites the viewers' involvement. The thought which I put in to a work hopefully will be received by others.


JULIE HESSLER


JAMES HIVELY

TOINETTE JACKSON, 16
el Park, Pa.
ent Shots"
ative writing to me means
essing oneself in a unique
nat as opposed to everyday
munication patterns. Creative
ng is an outlet for my emotions
ch has no limits. I became
nally introduced to creative
ng in high school, though,
tive expression was not a new
to me. I discovered my ability
words in seventh grade
lish class when I started
ing compositions. Poetry was
area which I devoted the most
to. I found that I could take
c concepts and put them into
criptive patterns and passages.
ent Shots" is a personal poem
e sense that it expresses a
er's love for the sport of
ketball, in which I participate.
idea for this poem came as I
walking through the gym one
t after a game. The emptiness
e gym in terms of the noise, the
wd and the players was a sad
lation to me at first. It was
ly a let-down. But, I realized
the only way a player can
rpen his skills is to practice
e with his memories and
takes.

49
BART KASTEN, 14
Evansville, Ind.
"The Explorer"
As long as I can remember, I have been interested in photography. After seeing a darkroom I thought it would be impossible, but I learned how to process film in an Individual Pursuit course in school and now have my own darkroom; I enjoy making prints and entering contests. Photography is my opportunity to communicate feelings by using the technical knowledge I have learned.

18
BILL KELLEY III, 19
Charlestown, W.V.
"Coal Miners Monument"
No statement.

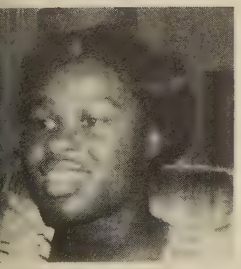
42
KAREN KOTANI, 16
Honolulu, Hawaii
"Obaasan"
No statement.

24
STEVE KRYSTYNIAK, 17
Sellersville, Pa.
"Rhonda"
I first became interested in photography through school. Now, I have my own equipment and I get much pleasure in doing all my developing and printing. When I do all the work myself, I feel that I am expressing my own feelings in each picture.

53
THUY D. LETHI, 18
Honolulu, Hawaii
"Relaxing"
No statement.

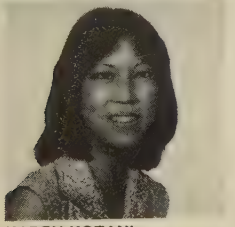
6
LORI McFARLAND, 14
Athens, Ohio
"Stairway to Self"
My poem, "Stairway to Self," is a diamond-shaped poem which expresses my own feelings about developing one's own personality. The poem vaguely concerns itself with my own personal odyssey of developing into myself. I enjoy telling others, through my compositions, about how I feel. I first became interested in novelty form poetry after reading an article in *Time* magazine about nontraditional poems. One afternoon I just sat down and wrote it.

1
SCOTT MACK, 14
Spencerville, Ohio
"Soccer Player"
I started doing drawings and sketches when I was about twelve years old. My uncle was the main person who inspired me to do the art work I'm doing now. He was a commercial artist. Creative expression means to express oneself with whatever creativity one has—just expressing a person's thoughts in his own way.


TOINETTE JACKSON

BART KASTEN

LORI McFARLAND


KAREN KOTANI

STEVE KRYSTYNIAK

SCOTT MACK

39
KRISTA MALLISON, 18
Bethel Park, Pa.
"March Blues"
Poetry has always been a means of expression for me. Back in the fourth grade I wrote a lot of Haiku poems. In high school I developed my writing into *on rete* images. I took a series of creative writing courses and attended weekend seminars. These experiences deepened my understanding of words and are responsible for my style of writing. Words are such a direct way of expression that poetry is a natural way of communicating my thoughts. However, as an artist and a dancer I also enjoy silent, visual expression. These two art forms are viewed by others while poems may be read only by me. Poetry, then, is a way for me to know myself better.

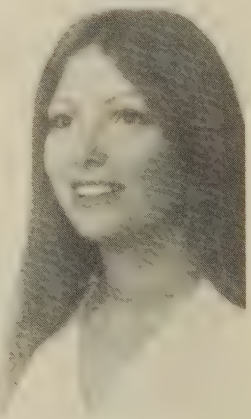
45
DAVID MAXWELL, 19
Iowa City, Iowa
"After the Storm"
I became interested in photography in school and was photo editor of my high school yearbook for a year. I like to go out into the world and interpret things the way I see them. When I succeed in getting my idea across I feel I have been creative.

CHRISTIE MILLER

DAVID J. MAXWELL

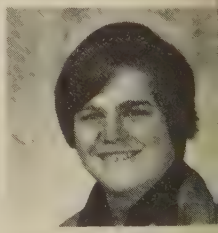
3
CHRISTIE MILLER, 18
Middleburg Heights, Ohio
"A Lesson in Confusion"
I've been writing poetry for two years and it's the best form of expression I have found. I keep all of my poems in notebooks with the dates they were written. In this way, my poetry serves as a sort of diary; I can select any poem and remember the circumstances that caused it to be created. "A Lesson in Confusion" was written in a particularly boring English class and it remains one of my favorites. I've always enjoyed writing and reading and was feeling terribly frustrated at being forced to learn basic grammar for the third time when I wrote it. I feel that poetry is the most versatile form of expression and it will probably remain the most popular.

5
SHANNON M. MINOR, 17
Weaverville, Cal.
"Forest Dwellers"
Expression is an obsession with me. The endless potential of visual art to communicate the workings of the human mind and spirit fascinate me. Man's art, in general, is a tangible manifestation of what man *is*. By the same token, my personal artistic expression is an unveiling of my inner self, a visual statement of what I feel, think, fantasize—of what I *am*. I like to think that by exposing myself to others, they will in turn be able to gain deeper insight into their own thoughts and feelings. My passion for art began in early childhood, and has only intensified as the years have passed. Unleashing my creativity onto a blank white sheet is one of the most relaxing past-times I know of, and provides a tremendous amount of satisfaction.


KRISTA MALLISON

10
PATRICK O'KELLEY, 16
Fort Devens, Ma.
"The Ace"
My father is in the Army and m mother is a reporter, so I guess y could say my interest in writing was encouraged by my mother while my love of the military wa encouraged by my father. As fa back as I can remember I have liked science fiction, and even grade school would write short stories about imaginary planets and creatures. Airplanes are my favorite subject (I want to join t Air Force when I graduate from high school) and I have research them since I've been old enough read. The story, "The Ace," whi being science fiction, is accurate all details about the aircraft mentioned.

38
JEAN PASCOE, 16
Los Angeles, Cal.
"Mermaid"
I first became involved in photography when I received an inexpensive instamatic camera. After I became more experience in photography I began using a millimeter camera. I've always liked to photograph children, so when I babysit I often take pictures. The day I took the pictu entitled "Mermaid" we were at th pool and I was practicing differe effects. I thought it might be interesting to take a shot of someone under water. I am mor interested in using my creativity than in taking conventional pictures.


PATRICK O'KELLEY

SHANNON M. MINOR

)
NESSA PAULSON, 16
mple City, Cal.
ampton"
om the time I could hold a crayon
e drawn. I've always drawn for
own satisfaction—the
isfaction of making a figure
pear from nowhere. I like to draw
ng things, people mostly. I like
e forms life takes and the
otions it expresses.

EDA B. PYRON, 18
en, N.C.
edium Rare at Bonanza on a
day Night"
statement.

3
RGERY RICARDS, 17
ntura, Cal.
o Believe"
e most people, I am
periencing "growing pains" and
ting for me is the handiest
ans of expressing my general
nfusion.

25
PARKER ROBERTS, 17
Farmington, Ct.
"Cruisin'"
I started my work in photography for its practical purposes. Later I found it an excellent way to create artistic images. It gives one a sense of control over nature to be able to freeze an instant of time or to present a subject in a way which catches the eye.

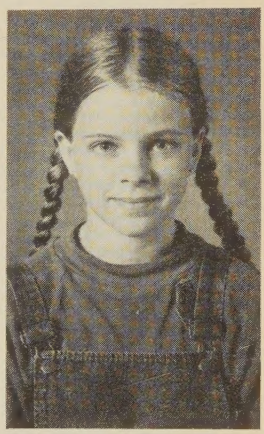
10
CAROL ROBINSON, 14
Ambler, Pa.
"Ice Formations"
I feel that all of life and its decisions are in some way unique, and that everyone's responses to it are different and creative. I've been taking pictures for a year and a half, but I have been interested in photography for many years. And I have always liked showing other people the things that I think are beautiful and interesting. That is what I try to accomplish with my photography.

36
CATHY ROWE, 13
Macomb, Ill.
"The Bridge"
This drawing was done for a class I took. It is an entirely freehand blowup of one my father's photographs. Drawing and sketching have interested me for a long time.

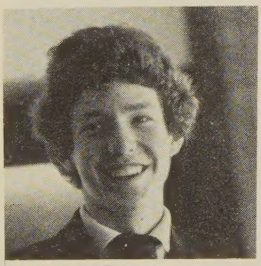
51
CHRIS SIMMS, 14
Trenton, N.J.
"Unfinished Head"
I have always been interested in art. Although I've used many different styles, I usually stick with cartooning. I get the ideas for most of my works from the things around me.

VANESSA PAULSON

MARGERY RICARDS


CATHY ROWE

ASCOE

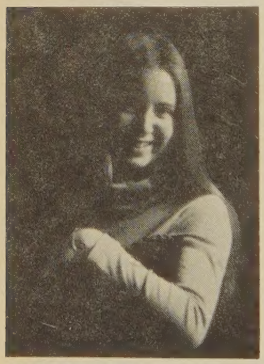

PARKER ROBERTS

CAROL ROBINSON

CHRIS SIMMS

23
GARY SLOAN
Bethel Park, Pa.
Untitled
Sitting relaxed, watching the sun go down and the stars appear creates such a feeling of peace and tranquility in me that I just feel I have to share it. That is my goal with photography: to share those special feelings that come along so seldom in our world.

13
DAVID SOSNOWSKI, 18
Taylor, Mich.
Untitled
I became involved in cartooning because it seemed to me to be the perfect way of combining my interests in art and writing. The subject matter of the cartoons is a result of a third interest of mine, the sciences. One of the reasons that I entered the Creative Arts Awards is because I think that it is very important for people to express themselves creatively; after all, it is the ability to be creative which makes people human.


JULIA STEWART

7
JULIA STEWART, 17
Los Angeles, Cal.
"Judy"
I began to draw when I was about three years old. Art and creation have been an important means of expression to me throughout my life and I try to affect people through my drawings by showing feeling and emotion. In the drawing "Judy" I attempted to create a feeling of adoration or devoutness, but the drawing may affect people differently.

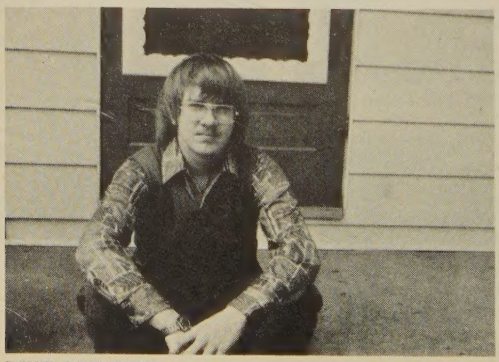
30
CRAIG STOCKEL, 18
Carpentersville, Ill.
"Just Plain Tired"
Photography is one form of art through which I can preserve scenes which are beautiful or picturesque in my eyes. Working as a newspaper photographer, unique and interesting scenes always seem to be there waiting to be captured on film. I find it easy to produce beautiful color pictures, but find it a challenge to produce black and white photos with depth. The spark that ignited my interest in photography was a yearbook photography workshop during my sophomore year in high school. Since that time, I have purchased my own camera equipment and have really settled into the art of photography.

CRAIG STOCKEL

47
JULIE STRAYER, 18
Salem, Or.
Untitled
Writing, especially poetry, has always provided an excellent vehicle for my personal expression of all the creative energy that I feel. Many of my poems are written as an outlet for intense emotions that I sometimes do not even recognize consciously. It is this purpose that perpetuates my involvement in writing as I am constantly discovering new things about myself through my poetry.

50
PETER TORVIK, 17
Dayton, Ohio
Untitled
In my writing, I try simply to express what I think about some part of life. Forms like the poem and the short story are useful because they can often convey an idea more completely and effectively than a careful explanation. In this piece, for example, I wanted to describe the roles I saw assigned to men and women, to express the anger and frustration of being trapped in such roles, and to lead readers to wonder why these roles should exist at all. If a reader understands these things, the piece has succeeded in conveying my thoughts—and I have expressed myself.

JULIE STRAYER

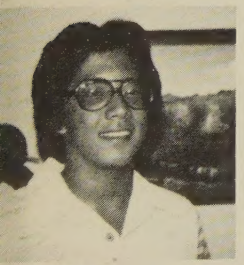

DAVID SOSNOWSKI

PETER TORVIK

3
KEN TSURUDA, 16
Honolulu, Hawaii
"Materials on My Desk"
I always loved art as far back as I can remember. I love to draw and got involved in art in my intermediate school years. That's when the motivation began. Creative expression is very important to me. It's a feeling within myself. It plays a part in everyone's life. Could you imagine the world without it? It sure would be a boring and uninteresting place.

40
JILL M. WALZ, 18
Quincy, Ill.
Untitled
The human body is the most versatile and unique medium through which I can express the happy feelings I have about life and those I love. Using variations of the human form in fantastical illustration is one way I can pass my pleasure and joy on to others.

JILL M. WALZ


N TSURUDA

29
TOM WEBLER, 16
Bethel Park, Pa.
"Trolly Workers"
I guess that I've always been interested in photography, but I didn't really go into it much until I took a high school course in it last year. Now I spend a lot of time with my camera searching for scenes to photograph, trying to find the right photography which will interest the viewer as well as express a feeling or mood. I think that creativity is something different to every person. And it all depends on how your art work affects each person who looks at it.

15
ROSS WESTLAKE, 18
Wooster, Ohio
"The Diver"
I became involved with photography through our school yearbook and became artistically involved through a course at the local art center. Recently, I have been furthering my attempts at new views and techniques. I do this both with the camera and in the darkroom. I feel photography is a reflection of my thoughts.

TOM WEBLER

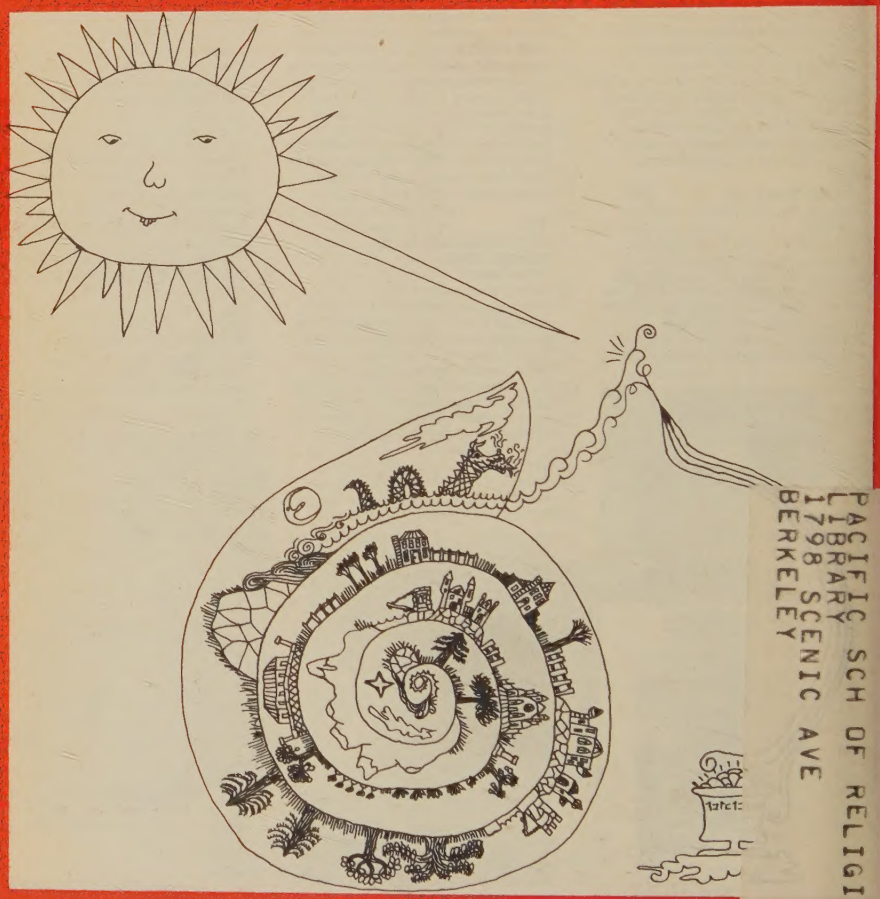
ROSS WESTLAKE

17
LESLIE WHITE, 16
LaCrescenta, Cal.
"Goatlady"
I consider "Goatlady" my best writing so far. However, I had complications that had to be overcome before I could successfully deal with such a strong subject as Indian pride. I felt simplicity was essential to maintain because I view the Indian woman's life as sturdy and lacking unnecessary luxuries, so I adjusted my writing and pleased myself with a poem unburdened with the unnecessary luxuries of long descriptions or complicated emotions. By relying on a vivid physical description of the old Indian woman and her situation, I believe I succeeded in portraying the Goatlady as a strong and silent woman.

26
MARTY YOHN, 15
Bancroft, Wis.
"Pencil Portrait"
Drawing is one of my favorite things to do. I enjoy portraits and landscapes, working best with pencil or ink as a medium. I feel a drawing or painting is influenced by the artist's mood and feelings when he is doing it. That is one point about art—you can express your feelings and imagination to the fullest limits.

LESLIE WHITE

MARTY YOHN



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